

# Pleasant Are Thy Courts Above

HIGBEE

*mf* With moderate motion



1. Pleas - ant are Thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love;  
2. Hap - py birds that sing and fly Round Thy Al - tars, O Most High;  
3. Hap - py souls! their prais - es flow E - ven in this vale of woe;  
4. Lord, be mine this prize to win! Guide me thru a world of sin:



Pleas - ant are Thy courts be - low, In this land of sin and woe,  
Hap - pier souls that find a rest In our Heav - 'nly Fa - ther's breast!  
Wa - ters in the de - sert rise, Man - na feeds them from the skies:  
Keep me by Thy sav - ing grace; Give me at Thy side a place;



Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the con - verse of Thy saints,  
Like the wan - d'ring dove, that found No re - pose on earth a - round,  
On they go from strength to strength, Till they reach Thy throne at length,  
Sun and shield a - like Thou art; Guide and guard my err - ing heart!



*slightly slower*



For the bright - ness of Thy face, For Thy full - ness, God of grace!  
They can to their ark re - pair, And en - joy it ev - er there.  
At Thy feet a - dor - ing fall, Who hast led them safe thru all.  
Grace and glo - ry flow from Thee; Show - er, oh, show - er them, Lord,



Words: Henry Francis Lyte, 1834

Music: Joseph Martine